

The
Frances Shimer
Quarterly

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The Frances Shimer Quarterly

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Greeting

Greetings to students, alumnae, and friends,
This glad Saint Valentine's Day.
The "fondest of wishes" the *Quarterly* sends,
From its home—our dear F. S. A.

Musical Taste in America

There has been a remarkable evolution in the critical acumen of American concert audiences. The days have long since passed when pretentious insufficiency could ever parade its immature productions on the stage, and performances which readily passed muster even ten or fifteen years ago would not be tolerated now.

It may well be doubted whether Gottschalk and Thalberg could tour this country as successfully at the present time as they did of yore with their own compositions and operatic arrangements, and Leopold de Meyer and Jaell would probably find themselves speedily relegated to the rank of mere saloon pianists.

In the early days, B. J. Lang, of Boston, did valiant service in the cause of sincere and serious piano-playing, selecting the best and doing it well.

Mr. William Mason and Carl Wolfsohn gave chamber music a distinct identity, and S. B. Mills introduced the important piano concertos by Chopin and Schumann to American music-lovers.

The art of piano-playing received a tremendous impetus by the visit of Anton Rubenstein in 1872, and we had the opportunity of having his musical antithesis, Hans von Buelow, a few years later. Both left their imprint upon our artistic development. Joseffy then came, saw, and conquered with his inimitable grace, crystalline touch, and impeccable technique. We still claim him as our own, for as he himself puts it, "He is the best pianist in Tarrytown." The fiery Carreno and poetic Essipoff delighted us, and a host of other masters have visited our shores, Paderewski the hypnotizer, Godowsky the wizard, De Pachmann the last incarnation of Chopin, Rosenthal the giant, Busoni the colossus, Saint-Saëns the happy combination of Gallic cleverness and Teutonic profundity, D'Albert the heavy-weight, Harold Bauer the scholar, and Hambourg the whirlwind.

Small wonder that our audiences, having heard the very best, reject everything that falls short of that standard. It may be claimed that they have become somewhat unreasonable and too exacting.

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Only too frequently the artist is criticized for what he omits, instead of praised for that which he presents. The modern audience has become a veritable glutton; it demands in every programme an epitome of the entire literature, and even then asks for more; the pianist must needs be logical in his Bach playing, and invest Beethoven with the meaning of an epic; he must be poetic with Chopin, moody with Schumann, fantastic with Mendelssohn, and heroic with Liszt; an appalling versatility is demanded and but few can respond successfully.

Our American audiences have the courage of their convictions, excessive advance advertising often proves a boomerang, and European artists are beginning to understand that they have to be on their mettle and do their best work in order to secure recognition.

Interest in musical matters is by no means confined to the large art-centers. We find a spirit of sincere and genuine appreciation and strong desire to progress in the smallest communities and everything points to a bright future for American musical art.

EMIL LIEBLING

The Brook

Down from the mountain came the brook
And on and on its travels it took;
It closer came to the raging sea,
And sang its song to you and me.

It sang of mountains grim and old,
Of widening sunsets brushed with gold;
It sang of storm-clouds scowling o'er head,
Of velvet violets fringing its bed.

But at last it reached the raging sea,
And sang its song to you and me;
Its work was done, its course was won,
And its waters lost 'neath the melting sun.

MARY SEAMAN, '12

Tommy's Valentine

"Tommy! Oh Tommy!" called little Eleanore Bentley; "Tommy, come and help me over this fence."

There was no answer, no sign of life in the big house.

"Tommy Ellis, if you don't come out right this minute I'll never speak to you again. So there!"

Slowly the side door opened and Tommy came out. He was not in a hurry as he usually was and he slowly waded through the snow to the fence which separated the Ellis orchard from that of the Bentley's.

"Hurry up, Tommy, you're awful slow," pouted Eleanore.

"Say, Eleanore, I—that is—I'm awful busy. I'm writing," said Tommy, "I can't play with you today."

"O come on, Tommy, I want to go so bad. But the second grade stayed after school and nobody's out there."

"Nope, can't," said Tommy, "I'm awful busy." Eleanore pouted and then her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Aw now, Eleanore, you aren't going to cry are you?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"No, I'm not, Tommy Ellis. I'm just going home," and Eleanore walked away with her head in the air. She did not deign to turn around until Tommy's whistle proclaimed that he was nearly at the house. Then she turned around.

"He thinks he's awful smart," she soliloquized. "He thinks he's *awful* smart. I wonder what he's writing. I suppose it's a letter to his teacher. He thinks he's so big since he was promoted to the third grade. Well, anyway, our teacher is lots prettier than his."

By this time, she had reached Big Hill and coasted swiftly down. There was no one on it save herself. Usually it was crowded after three-thirty but today it was deserted. The third time she slid down, she decided not to go back up. She had never before realized how hard it was to climb up that hill, and, besides, it was no fun to coast alone.

The next day she forgot all about her little scrap with Tommy and, as usual, ran over to his house after school. He wasn't in the playroom but as she ran through the hall, she noticed the library

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door slightly ajar. She peeped in and there was Tommy, with his back to her. He seemed to be thinking.

"Hello, Tommy, I—"

"O, Eleanore, get out quick," he exclaimed, hastily covering up something.

"Why, Tommy Ellis, you're a mean thing!"

"Well, you can come in now if you won't look."

"Huh, I guess I don't want to see what you're writing"; and Eleanore walked down the hall and out at the door.

In the distance, she could hear the shouts of the children, for they were playing on the hill now; but for some reason she had no inclination to join them. She went into the house and, after taking off her coat, strolled over to the window. She flattened her nose against the pane and watched the busy crowd of children.

"No fun to coast," she thought, "no fun at all. I wish Tommy wasn't so cranky."

Then she thought of her dolly and ran to the nursery. It was nearly as large as she, a beautiful doll with curly flaxen hair and large blue eyes that shut. It was dressed most gorgeously in a blue opera cape with eiderdown on each side and a perky blue hood. Eleanore was usually proud of Pauline, but today even Pauline was uninteresting. She kept thinking of Christmas when Santa brought it to her and of how proudly she showed it to Tommy who came running over to display his little red auto that would really go. Finally Eleanore went to bed.

The next morning, she awoke feeling happy, as she watched the sun playing on the roses climbing up the nursery walls, and Jack and his bean stalk and Mother Hubbard and her dog that seemed actually to grin. Eleanore hopped out of bed and hurried to draw on her stockings. She ran over to the dresser to get her hair ribbons. She happened to glance out of the window, and the sight of Tommy's house recalled the scrap. "Oh dear," she sighed, "Tommy and I are mad, and I won't have anybody to go coasting with today. I wish he wouldn't be so busy"; and Eleanore tied her ribbon with a jerk.

When she got down to breakfast there by her plate was a large white envelope addressed in large and rather crooked letters to: "Miss Eleanore Bentley." She picked it up and—Oh, how nice it did feel! Inside was the crunchy paper that made her tear open

the envelope quickly. And what a magnificent valentine it was, all red hearts, gilt arrows, and the *dearest* little Cupids! Right in the center was an empty space in which Tommy had written:

I love you, yes, I love you
And though I'm cross, I surely do.
Roses red and violets blue
All are sweethearts, just for you.

"Oh, it's from Tommy!" cried Eleanore.

Just then a whistle was heard outside—"Yankee Doodle" in the cheerfulest of tones. Then the door opened and in ran a little boy in a gray overcoat and little round cap. His cheeks were red like apples and in his hand he carried his books.

"Did you like it, Eleanore?" burst out Tommy, for it was he.

"I should say I did"; and Eleanore left her oatmeal bowl to give him a hug.

"You're not mad about me not playing, 'cause you know I was makin' up the verse?"

"Aw-w, no, I'm not and Tommy"—quickly—"that verse is just beautiful. It's lots nicer than those poems of Longfells or somebody that Mamma reads to Daddy."

Tommy chuckled.

"Hurry up, it's awful late," he urged.

And Eleanore danced into her warm red coat and new gray furs and danced off with Tommy, the valentine clutched tight in one little mittened hand, Tommy's warm little one in the other.

RUTH ASHBY, '12

The Phantom Review

From the German of von Zedlitz (died 1862)

At night at the midnight hour the drummer forsakes his grave,
Beats on his drum the Reveille, a stirring call to the brave.
With his thin and fleshless arms he beats a resounding call;
The rolling notes reverberate as the sticks on the drum head fall.
The drum re-echoes strangely, has a penetrating sound;
It wakens the old dead soldiers and calls them from the ground.
And those in the distant Northland, stiffened in ice and snow,
And those who lie in the Southland where the winds from the desert
 blow,
And those that the Nile stream covers, and the dry Arabian sand,
Each comes in response to the summons with his weapon in his hand.
Riding their spirit horses the soldiers go on their way—
A warlike, bloody squadron in curious battle array.
And at the midnight hour, awakened by the call,
The commander comes riding his charger—slowly before them all.
In military splendor his staff beside him ride;
In somber gray he leads the way, his brave sword at his side.
The silver rays of moonlight enfold the grassy plain:
'Tis here the great commander reviews his troops again.
The columns, at attention, present and shoulder arms;
Then pass with clanging sabers, recalling war's alarms.
The generals and marshals their circle closer bring;
The commander whispers softly a word with stirring ring.
The word goes round the circle, is murmured far and near,
"France, fair France," the watchword, then—"Saint Helena, drear."
The emperor thus, at midnight, from mortal sight concealed,
Reviews his loyal soldiers on the wide Elysian Field.

MARTHA GREEN, College

What Grandmother Told Me of Life Forty Years Ago

What my grandmother tells me of her life in Canada and of the early life of my mother there makes me wish I could spend even one small week where she used to be. Her home was near Lake Ontario and nearly fifteen miles from the city of Kingston, which is in the province of Ottawa.

She first lived in a typical log cabin shortly after her marriage. Grandfather's cabin was about a mile from the lake and many were the wayfarers who found shelter there after their long journey up the lakes or the river. The road leading up to grandfather's cabin was from the southwest and the direction of the lake. It led to a large swinging corduroy bridge which was suspended across the lake and on into what is now New York.

Here my grandparents lived surrounded by the dense Canadian forest. On the northwest, north, and northeast was a dense forest, while on the south was a lake. Grandmother said that many were the nights she lay awake listening to the wolves howl and the great night-owls screech. One night she was awakened by a peculiar sound at the door, and she listened with horror. It was a brushing, scraping sound. She wakened grandfather, and taking the gun he found a deer licking the door, which had probably had a bit of salt on it. He shot at it but missed it, and had to go to bed with only the thought of how a bit of venison might have tasted.

There were a great many kinds of berries among the rocks and trees about half a mile back of grandfather's house, and grandmother told me of how one day she sent her two little girls after blueberries. One of these little girls was my mother and she was only ten years old while my aunt Lettie was nine. They took their pails and started out, reaching the patch about ten o'clock. It was on a high bluff above a small lake. They had their pails nearly full when they happened to notice peculiar tracks in the sand near by. They did not know what kind of tracks they were but as they were tired they thought they would sit down on the edge of the bluff and watch the lake and trees below. They sat down and looked at the tops of the pines, the rocks, and the lake almost thirty feet below where they sat. The views were not new to the girls but still they held a fascination for them which could not be controlled. Mary was watching a great pine tree a few feet below her which seemed to be

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moving and in a minute, before her astonished eyes, a great bear sprang from the trees and down to the river to drink. Two very frightened little girls arrived half an hour later at the cabin with a few blueberries in the bottom of their pails and a great story to tell. Grandfather and two other men went to hunt the bear and found him joyously eating berries in the very patch where my mother and auntie had been picking. They shot the bear, and to this day my little cousins in Canada play on that same bear's skin.

My mother and her sisters and brothers were very fond of swimming in the shallow places in this little lake below the bluff. One day while they were out swimming there came slowly across the water a few rods away an object which looked much like a piece of stovepipe projecting about a foot and a half above the water. The children were filled with wonder, and clambering out upon the bank, they went a few rods away to watch developments. As the object approached they found it to be a great black water-snake, a species which is often found in the lakes there. They had never seen one before and it was a curiosity to them. The bite of this snake is not poisonous but a person does not feel pleasant if in the same body of water with one.

When my mother was still a small girl, grandfather decided to come to Illinois. As he came through New York in 1865 he was filled with wonder at what was going on there. He was from Canada and of course had not heard of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. The streets were crowded and all the people were clamoring for justice. Grandfather, not knowing what it was all about, asked a few men who were standing near him. They told him that Abraham Lincoln had been killed. "Well, who is he that he should have such a fuss made over him?" asked grandfather innocently. In a minute he would have been hanged for treason had not a man of some importance stepped up and inquired of grandfather how it was that he did not know why people made such a fuss over Mr. Lincoln. As soon as he heard that grandfather was from Canada everything was all right.

Grandfather came to Illinois and settled in a place near Lake Michigan which is now a part of Chicago. For a while he lived here on his farm of three hundred acres but, not liking the marshy land, he sold it for almost nothing and moved farther south into

the northern part of DeKalb County. The land which he sold is now part of the city of Chicago and is worth millions of dollars.

Here, on his farm in Illinois, is where my grandfather and grandmother tell me these stories of pioneer life in Canada.

MINNIE WHITFORD, '12

Milking-Time

I was out feeding Banty and her little flock when papa called, saying, "It is time to bring the cows." I was always ready to leave almost anything to bring the cows, so I threw my handful of bread to Banty, leaving it for her to break up for her little ones, and ran down the lane barefooted, with my blue gingham dress sleeves rolled up above my elbows and my sunbonnet pushed back—I had no use for it as the sun was getting low.

Stick in hand, I followed the cowpath around a hill, then through a timber that was growing dark and still. Every little while I could hear a bird chirp or an owl flap its wings as it flew past me. I soon came to an opening in the timber where I could see Bright Eyes coming toward me. She had heard me talking to Tony, the dog, who always went along to scare up a rabbit, and had left the others for she always wanted to be the first in the homeward procession. Over in the farther corner was Daisy. I always knew where to find her for she always got away as far as possible that she might get a couple of mouthfuls more of grass than the others.

Then homeward we went, all in a row, Jersey away behind; she was always so slow. I left her to come when she got ready, knowing she would not be left though we did go on. I would always get past the timber when she would come up behind me panting. Once she butted me to the side just as much as to say, "Your place is on the end of this procession."

On the way home I loved to watch the sunsets; often the sun would sink behind the clouds, making the sky very pretty. But as we went down the lane the cows would get in a hurry and run to see which would beat to the watering-tank, and we would hurry on. Papa was always there with the barn-door open to let them in. I would run then and get my little kittens and carry them all in my apron to the barn, leaving Tabby to follow, and give them all a good drink of warm milk.

PEARL WOOD, '13

The Fireflies

Ofttimes I sit of a summer's night,
Ere lamps send forth their pleasant light,
And watch in slowly gathering dark
The fireflies.

I think I'm in some banquet hall,
Where elf and goblin frequent call;
Where fairies gayly dance all night,
The fireflies the only light.

Or looking far with wondering eyes,
I think I see bright cities rise;
But these are but the merry way
Of darting fireflies at play.

ALIDA HOPPS '10

Glimpses

The Hallowe'en Party

At seven-thirty Hathaway Hall was swarmed with ghosts—any number of them. Tall giggly ghosts, short solemn ghosts, talkative ghosts, and every other kind of ghost, stood awaiting the signal to start. Finally the sound of the march was heard, and after a simultaneous "Ssh!" from all, the line of white specters moved forward. At their head went such a gruesome-looking witch that one involuntarily shrank back. Very tall, and robed completely in black with a high peaked hat, and with deep wrinkles on her face, she seemed a veritable Witch of Endor.

The gymnasium was lighted by nothing but Jack-o'-lanterns, and as the long line of white-robed specters marched slowly into the weirdly lighted room with their gruesome-looking leader, the spectators began to feel "creepy." However, the ghosts, as soon as they were freed from their shrouds, proved to be flesh and blood, and revealed a great variety of personages. Pierrots, nuns, Japanese maidens, cowboys, darkeys, Indians, Greek goddesses, and cadets mingled without reserve and gayly danced together. The Juniors were dressed in yellow with green trimmings to represent pumpkins, and their bright costumes looked very pretty as the girls flitted around in the yellow light of the well-filled hall—more

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like tulips waving in the breeze than like the jolly pumpkins they were to represent. Light refreshments were served during the evening which were very welcome to the warm dancers. In the interval when all were resting, a timid cadet was heard to make the shocking statement that he wished he could sit down, but the brazen Goddess of Liberty only elevated her eyebrows and went on munching her cookie.

GENEVIEVE GOODMAN, '12

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day at F. S. A.

Was one we'll remember for many a day,
First of all, in the morning, precisely at nine
Came a basket-ball game—decidedly fine.
The horns and the banners, the ribbons and noise
Were enough to frighten our three only boys,
But they seemed to like all and to think it great fun,
And stayed a good hour till the game was quite done,
We roamed, then we scrambled, and dressed in good clothes,
And went to the chapel where hymns slowly rose:
Where we heard the Dean's talk—it sure was a winner—
And then we were ready for Thanksgiving dinner.
The dinner at one was surely successful,
Though the breaths between rhymes could scarce be called restful;
The turkey, the toasts, the flowers, the fun
Made each one feel sorry when dinner was done.
But we ceased to lament and to the gym went
Where an hour in dancing we breathlessly spent.
By the fireplace then at the end of this day,
The Seniors presented an interesting play
Which showed off their skill, their genius and wit,
And which one would say made a "glorious hit."
That night in our beds we dreamed of the day;
'Twas surely a great one at old F. S. A.

EVA ROBERTS, College

Ye Olde Folks' Concert

From the time when you first entered the chapel till the Puritan maiden ushered you to your seat you felt a colonial atmosphere. The first glance at the stage, with its large fireplace and spinning-wheel reminded you of the days of Miles Standish and Priscilla. When you next glanced at your large brown programme, with its Angelines, Mercys, and Lucindas and saw the titles of some of the old-fashioned songs, "Strike the Cymbal," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Annie Laurie," you at once thought of the stories your grandfather told you. The gowns also were very interesting and reminded you of old attics and old cedar chests at home. Some were real wedding dresses; others were modeled after ancient gowns of chintz, silk, and challis. And to speak of what actually went on—the songs and old square dances: the minstrel danced "sedately"—the gentlemen in their velvet breeches and ruffled shirts, and the ladies in their bulging flowered overskirts; and the "Nodding Chorus" by the singers in their black Dunder caps, put on hair combed back severely—these made one think of *Oliver Horn* and *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*. And you almost thought you were in the Cave of the Winds when you heard the wind and rasping sounds that issued forth from the yellow tissue paper on combs, and you wished it weren't all over when all who had "lusty lungs" were asked to "jine" in the grand old tune "America" before the entertainment was ended.

MARY HALL, '11

Before Christmas

For two weeks before Christmas the girls made numerous trips to town to select toys for the Gad's Hill Settlement in Chicago. First a privileged senior paraded the halls majestically working an accordion; then a nineteen-year-old bravely tooted her horn with the beguiling notes of a *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. One of more mechanical genius sent her yellow tin horse galloping up and down the corridor as if in race with the tin automobile downstairs; a demure maiden affectionately caressed a wobbly white lamb which seemed frightened by the squeak of the fuzzy teddy bear and the fierce bark of the dog running about on casters; while her sister

dexterously arranged the pastry set for a party of the dolls which some of the girls matronly attended. An Italian peddler seemed to be present as the tones of the hand-organ and music-box were heard in unison, and one could almost imagine the pet monkey as the jumping-jack performed acrobatic stunts on the trapeze. A bugle call seemed to sound from the toy clarion and the little tin soldiers were at once made ready to forward march. Then all went to the table in the sewing-room: the white lamb, the blue and red horns, the yellow clarion, the blue soldiers, the green accordion, the white boxes of dishes, the rainbow-colored tops and prettily dressed dolls, the little coal scuttle and the washboard sets, and thence into a big box for Chicago.

VESTA GRIMES, '11

Rip Van Winkle—Another Anecdote

"Rip, you lazy fellow, what are you doing? This is the third time today I've had to run after the cattle! How many times have I told you to mend that fence?"

Rip, half asleep in the shady door-yard, took a meditative puff at his corn-cob pipe before answering.

"Now, my dear, don't be so hard on a poor fellow. I declare I'm so beat out with my yesterday's work it's a wonder I was able to get up at all today. Its good for the cattle to get a little exercise anyway."

"Good for the cattle, is it?" Dame Van Winkle snorted, "but how about me? And, as for working, not a stroke of work did you do. You left the onion patch for me, your poor, abused wife, to weed, and you went off to the village. Now you mend that fence right away, Rip Van Winkle, if you don't want to feel this broom-handle over your ears?" and she moved toward him threateningly.

Rip, mindful of like painful experiences, turned an appealing glance toward his wife, reluctantly rose, and whistling to his dog, slouched off toward the pasture. The sun was very hot, and poor Rip thought longingly of the shady door-yard. Near the pasture was a fine large oak-tree. "What's the matter with my lying down here and watching that the cattle don't get away? That's lots easier than mending the fence." With these words he threw himself down and in about five minutes was asleep. How long he slept, he could

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not tell, but looking anxiously for the cattle, he found that they were gone.

He rubbed his eyes, yawned, stretched himself, and started for the village. "I guess I'll go to Van Courtlandt. He'll give me a bite to eat, and I won't have to go home."

He walked leisurely into his friend's door-yard. The family was just sitting down to dinner, but there was a place for Rip, their prime favorite. "And—Oh, Rip, can you go to the village for me this afternoon?" asked Dame Van Courtlandt. "I'm too busy to go myself."

Rip set out, and in an hour or two came sauntering back. Then he loitered about the house till supper-time, after which he took his unwilling way homeward. He skulked around to the back door and went in. His wife, washing dishes at the table, looked up at his entrance.

"And this is the way you mend fences—fences! I went out to look for you, and not a sign did I find of you, or of the cows either. I nearly ran my legs off before I found them, and as for you, you lazy——!" and she used her dish-cloth over Rip's countenance so effectively that he retreated to the door-yard and threw himself down in melancholy meditation.

HELEN STICKLER, '10

The Midnight Mass-Meeting

The College Dog and the 'Cademy Cat,
Side by side near Hathaway sat.
'Twas half-past ten, and lights were out,
The girls were sleeping, beyond a doubt.
The campus lights were all aglare;
Then Towser arose and rent the air
With an awful howl, just made to scare.
(I went to the window, hoping to see
What the cause of this fearful noise might be.)

The howl had a purpose; from far and near
Came the pets of the school: the Teddy Bears dear,
Old Ned from his stall, all warm and nice
Came slipping along o'er the slippery ice.

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And Nigger, too, appeared on the scene,
And Kitten fat and Kitten lean,
And mice that numbered—seventeen.
(So strange seemed the curious sight to me
That I called my "Roomy" to come and see.)

The College Dog said, "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the 'Cademy Cat replied, "Me-ow!"
A procession was coming down the lane—
(Due, I suppose, to yesterday's rain.)
A wriggling, writhing, reeling throng,
A sidewalk full and atrociously long,
Angleworms, left and right and wrong.
(I whispered to Roomy: "I believe
'Tis just about time to go and call 'Eve.'")

Then whisked the Squirrels from their nest,
And J. Ointed Snake came in Sunday best.
Towser assumed a dean-like air,
And remarked that the crowd was "pretty fair."
"I've a 'billy-doo' here that reads," he cried,
" 'All pets requested to stay outside;
Especially worms that are petrified.' "
(Then Eve nudged Roomy and Roomy nudged me—
We'd heard that message before, you see.)

"From College Hall, a word of advice
Ten traps are set; beware! oh, mice!
And Kitten fat, and Kitten lean,
'Tis dangerous out by (K)night to be seen.
Yet the Seniors ask the Pets who sing,
If they will assist them in the spring
And make the halls with 'Pony Boy' ring."
(I awoke with a start—that ring was real—
The others had gone to their morning meal.)

JEANNE BOYD, College

Editorials: *The Spectator with Us Again*

At Six-thirty P. M.

Yesterday evening I passed by a student's open door, and was invited in to partake of a pan of fudge. As I stood on the threshold, the room had that remarkable appearance which children fancy belongs to the cave of a witch or hobgoblin. But on entering, I, with my older imagination, likened it to a bargain counter which had been turned topsy-turvy by the day's visitors. Beds, chairs, study table, and chiffonier, each held its burden of goodly raiment, and even the hissing radiator was draped with a fantastic kimono. The sight made me a bit dizzy, and taking a piece of fudge (the largest one) I sat down as quickly as I could. My resting-place proved to be rather unsafe, however, as it was made up solely of a huge waste-basket filled with a gymnasium suit, and overtopped by a dainty silk scarf. My hostess laughed at my discomfiture.

"Betsy and I played basket-ball this afternoon, and didn't have time to pick up our things before dinner. But then, our room usually gets somewhat mussed before bedtime."

My response must have been rather vague, for I was busy clearing away a spot on the bed in order to sit down. During this work, I remember that I brought to light a bedroom slipper, a rather tumbled shirtwaist, two golf sticks, a golf ball, and a tam-o'-shanter.

"Here," said Betsy, "throw some of those things over into this corner. I emptied a chiffonier drawer here this afternoon, and one thing more or less will make no difference. Why dear, must you go?"

I had to go—the tumbled bed had no connection—but as I went my mind seemed filled with an old saying which my grandmother had dinned of yore into my unwilling ears, "Any fool can put a room in order, but it takes a neat woman to keep it so"; and—insistently it bore upon my thoughts—the placard in the zoölogy laboratory, "With an orderly mind goes an orderly desk." So impelling were these memories that I hastened to my own tumbled possessions, and busied myself there actively before study hour—and Latin.

The fudge was very good.

Gregariousness

I once knew a teacher in a boarding-school, a quiet, rather reserved woman who did, I fancy, a great deal of wise thinking in her own quiet way. With her eyeglasses on her nose, and her hands meditatively clasped behind her back she could observe the manners and customs of those about her. Once she was heard to say, "Oh, the eternal gregariousness of these girls! They live in swarms; they think in swarms! None is happy by herself; she wants always to be with twenty or a dozen others of her kind." Perhaps the school was not Frances Shimer, the teacher not a Frances Shimer teacher, but there may be some parallel.

When we say the word "gregariousness," we think of flocks of crows all alike, all cawing, all hopping together—never alone. The word does not suggest individuality—that which in the long run makes man pleasant to man—but a kind of sameness, factory-made likeness that is colorless and uninteresting. It is an ugly word which we do not like to associate with girls.

Boarding-schools have long been noted—through their assembling of many widely differing personalities—for their power to rub off rough edges and corners; is there not some danger, which sage ones will realize, arising from this very excellence of boarding-school training? Stevenson says, "A little society is needful to show a man his failings; for if he lives entirely by himself he has no occasion to fall . . . but a little solitude must be used or we grow content with current virtues and forget the ideal." It is not the hermit life we urge; it is the life with some spots of solitude in it where one can get straight with oneself, make friends with one's thoughts, look oneself squarely in the face, and then go on. "Genius is born in solitude"; we can all make use of a little spark of genius.

Exchanges

Not so many magazines as we should like to hear from have responded to the request in our last issue, October, 1909. However, we realize that *The Quarterly* is a comparatively new publication and may have to be introduced more than once. We are also aware of the fact that we ask to exchange with monthly publications, though our paper comes out only four times a year. But although we can send only a quarterly now, we trust we may not be deprived

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of the monthlies. We are exceedingly glad to welcome the magazines that have been sent. These are: *The Jabberwock*, *The Western Oxford*, *The Wells College Chronicle*, *The Cushing Academy Breeze*, *The Rustler*, *The Picket*, *The Midway*, *The Almanack*, *The Young Eagle*.

The Picket of Shepherdstown, W. Va., is an especially pleasing exchange. In it, we found a familiar name, that of Lynne Waddell, a member of the faculty, who finished the Academy course at Frances Shimer in 1895. This name cannot help but form a connecting link between the two schools.

The Wells College Chronicle, Aurora, N. Y., contains an article which all should read: "Kipling, Man and Author." It is well written and instructive. The poems are good, also.

"A Chat with the Old Girl," appearing in the November number of *The Western Oxford*, Oxford, Ohio, is very clever. The editorials in the December number were interesting; the whole paper, well balanced.

The Midway, published by the students of the University of Chicago High School, is, we feel, a really literary paper. We were glad to see an exchange column in the December number, but failed to find the name of our paper among those of the exchanges. Perhaps we were late in arriving, and perhaps not. We wondered a little about the spirit of the remarks about "ancient jokes" and "jokes of very poor grade," but doubtless the comment wandered in the right direction. We, ourselves, believe in encouraging a sense of the ridiculous, along with a sense of what isn't. (We didn't read the jokes referred to.)

The Young Eagle, Sinsinawa, Wis., contains much interesting material. In it is an announcement of a recital given by Emil Liebling, who is visiting director in piano of our own school. He has honored this issue with an article which will be especially interesting to those who have heard him.

To read *The Rustler* of Fremont, Neb., seems like meeting an old acquaintance. One of the board, especially, is much interested in the paper, for she remembers days spent on it.

An exchange column seems to be a rare thing in *The Cushing Academy Breeze*, Ashburnham, Mass., but this may not be altogether the fault of the paper. We feel that, in spite of the proverb against it, a word of advice is a good thing. An exchange column is (more

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often than not) a word of advice; therefore, we reason, it is a good thing to publish an exchange column.

We welcome *The Almanack* from Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill., because Frances Shimer is also located in Illinois and is, in many ways, the same kind of school that Ferry Hall is, and because the paper is attractive and clever. We agree with the board in regard to the ability of girls to issue a creditable paper and can join with Ferry Hall in the effort to prove this statement. Under the head of "Editorials" in the November number, we point out as commendable "The Speed Limit" and "The Little Girls." "There, Little Girl; Don't Cry!" is also good. Boarding-schools have much in common, wherever located.

Encouragement is a good thing, and when it comes from such a paper as *The Jabberwock*, Boston, Mass., we feel that we have accomplished something. There is nothing like the right word at the right time. We are proud to inform the school that our Principal was once a student at the Girls' Latin School and was there when *The Jabberwock* issued its first number.

Social Events

Hallowe'en Prom

The first "Prom" of the year was given by the Juniors on Hallowe'en in the gymnasium. The Hallowe'en spirit pervaded the evening—Jack-o'-lanterns grinned from every window; a dusky witch told fortunes; a "Chamber of Horrors" thrilled the hearts of the timorous. All the Juniors were dressed in yellow cheesecloth, representing pumpkins.

The Diversion Club

The pupils of the expression class furnished one entertainment for the Diversion Club. Two farces were given, *The Nettle* and *Six Cups of Chocolate*. Townspeople were admitted, the money for admission to be used toward buying a curtain for the platform of the chapel. Those who have presented plays in the chapel will realize how much a curtain is needed.

The next month the diversion was given by the music department—an old-folks' concert. All the participants were dressed as "ye olde folks" might be expected to dress—in fashions which our grandmothers wore. The music was old-fashioned too; the last

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number was "America," and, stated on the programmes was: "All ye Assemblye who are bleste with good lunges are asked to rise and jine in this Familiar tune." The programmes, printed in Old English, were in themselves works of art. At one place was stated: "Ye doors will be opened at half past 7 of ye clocke, and ye musicke shall begin at 8 o'clock, so as to favor ye many folkes that cannot get their chores done earlier."

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a reception one Saturday evening for Miss Margaret Burton, who has been lately in China and Japan. Miss Burton gave an interesting account of some of her life in China, and the two delegates who had been sent to the convention at Galesburg gave their reports.

Thanksgiving Day

The entertainment for Thanksgiving Day was in the hands of the Seniors—and they proved themselves delightful hostesses. In the evening the girls assembled in the dining-room where a very comical play, written by Miss Payne, the Senior Counselor, was presented. Afterward the girls popped corn and roasted marshmallows and chestnuts at the fireplace.

Senior Sleigh Ride

The day before Christmas vacation the Seniors were given an enjoyable sleigh ride by one of the members of their class. The sight of our noble Seniors, packed tightly away in a "bob," is something well worth remembering.

Other Social Events

Just as we go to press we note the following: a bob-sled ride given by the Juniors for the Freshmen; an entertainment by Miss Knight for the Juniors, and by Miss Payne for the Seniors. At this latter event, the Seniors were introduced to Miss Payne's new chafing-dish.

Recitals

Of the series of Faculty Recitals arranged to illustrate the growth of musical form, two have been given. The first, on October 3, 1909, illustrating the Canon, the Fugue, and the Song and Dance Forms; the second, on November 28, 1909, illustrating the Suite and the Cycle. Both were exceptionally good and intensely interesting.

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One Sunday afternoon, early in the month of October, Miss C. Adela Rankin, instructor in expression, read for us "The Servant in the House" by Charles Rann Kennedy, a beautiful story, beautifully and appropriately given, which left with us a strange feeling of peace and contentment.

The first of the three lecture-recitals to be given by Mr. Liebling took place on the evening of October 27, 1909. Before the musical programme proper, Mr. Liebling talked upon: "The Life and Works of Ludwig van Beethoven." He used Sonatas for all of his musical illustrations except one, for which he gave the charming "German Dances." We are looking forward with much pleasure to the recitals which are to follow.

Sibyl Sammis MacDermid, the well-known dramatic soprano of Chicago, appeared in a recital at the Academy, November 12, 1909. Her lovely personality and her wonderful voice won her a place in everyone's heart. Her numbers were well selected and of genuine interest to all. Perhaps one of the most pleasing was a group of songs by her husband. A delayed train made it possible for some of us to come into more personal contact with her and we were sincerely thankful for the opportunity.

The regular recital given by the pupils of the music departments, which usually takes place before the holidays, was given, this year, on January 10, 1910, owing to the illness of some of the participants, which illness made them unable to take part upon the night first set.

Lectures

An interesting "Account of Travel in China" was given in the Chapel, November 13, 1909, by Miss Margaret E. Burton, of Chicago. She brought before her audience many facts which many people are oblivious to in regard to conditions in China.

This year, the Academy family have been attending a lecture-course that is being conducted by the citizens of Mount Carroll, the entertainments taking place in the Opera House. We have had the pleasure of hearing the Gertrude Miller Concert Company that presented a programme of musical numbers and readings, and "Old Bob Seeds," whose lectures are especially prepared to cause a long laugh and a merry one.

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Friday Chapel Diversion

- October 8—Marian Willcox: Song, "The Rosy Morn" (Ronald).
- October 15—Pearl Wood } Essays, "What Are
Margaret Middlekauff } Heroes?"
- October 22—Ellen Melendy: Piano Solo, "Scherzo" (Schubert).
- October 29—Harriet Wilk: Reading "Pauline Paulovna" (T. B. Aldrich).
- November 5—Quartette: Song, "Seeing Things at Night" (Parks).
- November 12—Julia Sword: Story, "The Passing of Tad."
- November 19—Charmion Holbert: Piano Solo, "Rigaudon" (Grieg).
Helen Hurley: Reading, "An Order for a Picture" (Alice Cary).
- November 26—Winifred Seeger: Reading, "Christmas with Parcpa" (Myra Delano).
- December 3—Gladys Wikoff: Song, "Were I Gard'ner" (Chaminade).
- December 10—Winifred Bush } Essays, "Little Foxes That
Winifred Seeger } Spoil the Vines."
- January 7—Vera Kelsey: Piano Solo, "Gypsy Rondo" (Haydn).
Nona Hakes: Piano Solo, "To Spring" (Grieg).
- January 14—Gladys Smith: Reading, "The Sugar Plum Tree" (Eugene Field). "The Night Wind" (Eugene Field).

The Young Women's Christian Association

The Y. W. C. A. has its discouragements, as all organizations have; it wishes the three halls were more equally represented in the meetings and it wishes that in these there might be greater spontaneity; but it has its bright sides too. The week after vacation three days of prayer were observed for the first time in three years, with an average attendance in the meetings of eighteen in one hall, fifteen in another. As the girls gathered in a certain room in each hall for five minutes after nine o'clock, it seemed as if the spirit of the purpose of the meeting was fulfilled: "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace; for thereby shall good come unto thee." A real beginning toward systematic giving has been made also.

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Before Christmas \$4.05 a month was pledged for missions; \$2.70 a month for Sunday school; and \$3.10 a month for church; the total for monthly benevolences being \$10.85. or, for nine months, \$97.65. As this is the first year such definite work for systematic giving has been made, the Association feels very glad for the results although it wishes a greater number of the family were represented in the sum.

In October Winifred Seeger and Mary Seaman attended the State Y. W. C. A. Convention at Galesburg and were able to take with them an unusually good number of artistic posters, because there have been unusually pretty posters made this year. The girls gave their reports of the Convention one Saturday evening in November when a little reception was held in Hathaway Hall for Miss Burton, whose address has been mentioned elsewhere. Besides this reception a little Christmas party was given before vacation, and this too has been mentioned elsewhere. The same week toys for the Gad's Hill Settlement in Chicago were sent, the toys to be distributed by Miss Votaw on Christmas Day.

Sometime in February a County Fair will be held, the object of which is both to have some genuine fun and to raise money for either current expenses or a new rug in the one bare room of the suite otherwise now attractively furnished by the Y. W. C. A.

Prayer-meetings this term will for a time be a study of Bible characters. One such, Mrs. Wood, the girls' Sunday-school teacher in the Methodist church, will lead. Mrs. McKee will lead the February missionary meeting on Dr. Grenfell; Mrs. Allen led an unusually good thanks meeting the day after Thanksgiving. The plan of having not one girl but two lead the ordinary meetings will be tried this term, as when this plan has been tried before, the results have been good.

Dana Wilcox had to resign the presidency of the Association just before Christmas and Alida Hopps took her place, Georgia Corey taking Alida's place as chairman of the Prayer-Meeting Committee. Floy Browning, we all regret to say, has to leave school at the end of the semester, and her place as chairman of the Missionary and Bible Study Committee Winifred Seeger will take, Genevieve Goodman taking Winifred's place on the Inter-collegiate Committee. For the sincere and efficient services of the resigning officers the Association wishes to express its appreciation as it wishes also to welcome the new officers to be its leaders.

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Hathaway Decoration

The Hathaway girls have this year fallen into the spirit of the large girls' colleges in themselves starting—virtually—a fund for beautifying the corridors of Hathaway. A week before the holidays and just after them they added to the small nucleus of \$3.50 already promised \$21.30, the sum to go toward a rug for the second corridor, draperies for all the corridor windows, plants, and pictures. Friends of the school, learning of the interest, added \$17.50, making a total of \$44.80 promised or given now, January 17.

Thus far, écru net curtains have been bought and two very pretty Nutting hand-colored photographs, measuring twelve by fourteen and six by fourteen inches, respectively, without mat. One is of a wayside overhung by apple blossoms; the other of sheep nestled together in not precisely the conventional way. These, it is expected, will for the present be hung in the little "reception room" opening on the east porch, the alcove-like room which received a large new rug this fall and which will have in about two weeks two old-fashioned settles made by Mr. Shearer. For these seats one pillow has already been given and others will be bought out of the regular fund. To our great delight, Miss Bawden has promised to paint one picture for downstairs and Frances Roberts one for upstairs—a poinsettia. If ferns will live in the corridors, it is hoped to have one or two large ones both upstairs and down; but in any case there will be one flowering plant from winter till June at the wide window on the stairway.

The committee has its eyes fixed on a long rug of oriental colors (such an one has been actually seen) for the lower hall at the entrance to the parlor, but needs fully \$35 for that. It also sees an inviting place in the little "reception room" spoken of for a Grandfather's clock and sees not only great bare places, but crannies, big and little, speaking for adornment. Is any old Hathaway girl or any friend of Hathaway interested in seeing that the house has these things? The committee knows how greatly the frieze of the Parthenon and Burne-Jones's "Seven Days of Creation" have added to the chapel; its imagination is fertile. In passing, it might be said that the committee desires to purchase only those things which will be of permanent value and beauty to the hall, but that it has no wish to fetter the hall with gifts which shall not be replaced by

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others more suitable should such be given later. Many know that the Academy has been busy lately doing big things—putting up buildings, improving the steam plant, even getting new teachers. Everything cannot be done at once, but meanwhile the interiors of halls wait.

The plans spoken of were afoot when Mrs. Le Pelley who had just given to the parlor a lovely etching of Anne Hathaway's Cottage remarked when sending money for the hall that she was planning another surprise—a seven-branched brass candelabrum with candlesticks to match, to be given for the parlor with a picture of her sister for whom the hall is named. For these, which have just come, the Hathaway family wishes to express its sincere gratitude. The gifts add—who can tell how much?—to the pleasure of the home. To the other friends the family wishes also to express its thanks: Miss Hawden, Miss Bowman, Frances Roberts, Mr. Rinewalt, Mr. R. H. Campbell, Mr. George Campbell, Mr. J. H. Miles, Mr. McKenney, and Dean McKee; and to the parents of the girls who have in many cases been responsible for the generosity of their daughters.

THE COMMITTEE:	{	MARIE HAKER, <i>Chairman</i>
		FRANCES ROBERTS
		HAZEL COOPER
		MARY SEAMAN
		MISS LEE

The Scattered Family

Zoa Bronson, '08, is studying in the University of Iowa.

Edna Lawler, '06-'07, is teaching music at Stockton, Ill.

Louise Baker Ellis has moved from Roswell, N. M., to Minneapolis, Minn.

Marjola B. Smith, '04-'06, is a member of the senior class in Beloit College.

Ruth Dena Miller, '03, of Sunnyside, Wash., was a recent visitor at the Academy.

Mrs. Bertha Lewis Crandall, of the class of '92, is now a resident of Rock Island, Ill.

Mary Campbell, '84, is supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Tacoma, Wash.

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The address of Mrs. Margaret Martin Ward, of the class of '86, is now Silver Creek, N. Y.

Hazel Cummings, '05, is instructor in German and mathematics in the high school of Elmhurst, Ill.

Avis Hall Wade is now residing in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Wade has a government position.

Mrs. Nellie Graham George and husband, of 257 Sumner Place, St. Paul, leave for Europe in January.

Ada Aldwede, '05, after a year's absence, has returned to complete her course in the University of Chicago.

Beale Hutchinson Cochran, St. Paul, Minn., is spending the year in Florence, Italy, where she is studying music.

Miss Annie M. MacLean, Lady Principal in the Academy, 1894-'96, is professor of sociology in Adelphi College, Brooklyn.

Miss Jennie Grace Doty, '02, in forwarding her subscription from Cincinnati, Ohio, expresses much pleasure in reading the *Quarterly*.

Margaret Phillips Collier is living in Payette, Idaho. Her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Phillips, are spending the winter with her.

Miss Evalyn Brearley of Mendota, Ill., student at the Academy for a brief time, sends congratulations on account of the progress of the Academy.

Miss Clara V. Shaw, inclosing her subscription from Minneapolis, sends best wishes for a prosperous new year, and hopes to write more fully later on.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Margaret Edith Clingen, '06-'08, to Mr. Van Voorhis Haigle, Jr., on Thursday, November 25, at Lake Bluff, Ill.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Gertrude Marie Beecher of Grand Forks, N. D., to Mr. William John Condit. They are to be at home after March 1, at Sidney, Mont.

Miss Mary Clare Sherwood, for several years instructor in art at the Academy, has recently had a collection of her work on exhibition in the Art Rooms of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Miss Mary I. Hunter, an old student of Mount Carroll, inclosing her subscription, asks that the names of Mrs. Mary Crawford Winter, Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Miss Ida Irvine of Elgin, Ill., be added to the list.

Mary Fry, '98, incloses her subscription from Cedarville, Ill., and

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expresses much satisfaction in the *Quarterly*. She speaks of the publication of it as a splendid idea to keep the students in touch with one another.

A recent note from Helen Coburn Howell, '03, of Worland, Wyo., brings a list of girl friends of hers who expect to go away to school. She also states that her own little daughter will probably come in due time.

The twentieth annual New Year party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, '71, Lincoln, Neb., was fully as notable as the earlier events of the series. Fully one hundred and fifty people were in attendance.

Mrs. Hattie N. LePelley, of Freeport, has added to the decoration of Hathaway Hall an excellent etching of Ann Hathaway's cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, which she purchased when visiting England a year or so ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sanford announce the marriage of their daughter, Jennie, '00, to Dr. Charles William Gosney, Wednesday, December 29, 1909. They are "at home" after February 1, at 1013A Van Trump Court, Kansas City, Mo.

"How a Student at the University of Chicago Became a Teacher in the Wayland Girls' School, Hangchow, China," by Mary A. Nourse, '99, is the subject of a pencil sketch published by the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. Mae Schrinier Manning, '95, Garden Prairie, Ill., incloses her subscription for the *Quarterly* and sends the names of two friends who are likely to go away to school next year. She enjoys reading the *Quarterly*, as it brings back old school days.

Mrs. Jessie Capperune Stewart, '99, inclosing her subscription from Peoria, Ill., where her husband is in the employ of Swift & Co., says that she is always glad to hear any news from old F. S. A., and wishes the Academy and the *Quarterly* a prosperous year.

An account of the death of Dr. Calkins of Wyoming, Ia., at the age of 81 years, father of Mrs. W. E. Briggs, of St. Paul, and Mrs. E. D. Chassell, of Des Moines, was contained in the *Des Moines Capital* some time ago. Dr. Calkins represented Jones County in the legislature two terms and was an ideal citizen.

Mrs. Corinne Hutchison Zybell, who was in the Academy in 1908, resides in Lake City, Ia. In forwarding her subscription to the *Quarterly* she gives the name of a friend to whom she wishes a

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catalogue forwarded. She mentions the fact that Bessie Hutchison Cochran, of the class of '96, has gone to Italy to take up the study of music.

Mrs. Ella Straight Gregory, St. Paul, Minn., '76, writes under date of December 2, asking that her name be placed on the subscription list and expressing special pleasure in finding familiar names in the notes concerning old students. She has resided in St. Paul for twenty years and has a daughter who is married, and a son of twelve.

Mrs. Ida Worden Cherry writes from Minneapolis giving a very interesting account of the meeting of the old students in St. Paul with Mrs. Briggs in which she found great pleasure in renewing friendships of the past. She mentions particularly the rum and syrup served, among other items in the delicious lunch, by Mrs. Briggs, intended to remind old girls of the old time.

Miss Eva Holman, '01, inclosing her subscription from Mexico, Mo., says she is enjoying her work in vocal music in Hardin College. She takes pleasure in the progress of the Academy and notices changes made since her graduation. She has a class of twenty-five voice pupils and a large class in sight singing and ear-training. An operetta was in contemplation at the time of her writing.

A letter has been received recently from Jessie Matkin Fisher, '01, Danville, Ill. She visited Loie Kelley Thompson in the past summer and enjoyed renewal of old friendships. She speaks of the *Quarterly* as a real treat, especially the gossip of the old girls, and as being better than any newspaper. She reports the birth of a baby girl to Grace Grattan Collins, '01, Buffalo, N. Y. She sends best wishes to the old friends.

Miss Jessie Carley, '06, is engaged in settlement work in South Chicago. She is a resident of the South End Center where she has charge of the girls' work, including the supervision of sewing and cooking classes, a dancing class, a Shakespeare Club, and the bottling of 60 bottles of Milk Commission milk daily for the sick babies of the neighborhood. She writes that she is kept busy and happy in an environment full of opportunity for doing good.

Mrs. Della Angle Woodworth, Portland, Ore., '80, writes stating that a new dormitory for McMinnville Baptist College is in contemplation. She asks for information concerning our buildings. She gives the names of "old girls" in Mount Carroll with whom

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she was well acquainted, especially of the Mackay, Hostetter, and Shirk families. Mrs. Woodworth's husband is clerk of the White Temple Baptist Church where the Northern Baptist Convention was held.

Mrs. Geneva Mershon Stearns, inclosing her subscription to the *Quarterly* from Webster City, Ia., says that she cannot do without the *Quarterly*. Through it she has learned of the whereabouts of several of whom she had lost track. She also ascertained through the *Quarterly* that Edna Appleby Schultz lives only one town east of her. Mrs. McCauliff resides in the same city with Mrs. Stearns, and they often meet one another. She has been in correspondence, also, with Lute Fraser of Wewoka, Okla.

Mrs. Elva Calkins Briggs, '81, St. Paul, Minn., is now secretary of an Old Students' Association formed in the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul under date of November 26. She sends to the *Quarterly* a full account of the meeting held in November at her home at which ten old students of the Academy and Seminary were present as follows: Mrs. Fannie Bartholomew Bailey, Minneapolis, a student in '53; Mrs. Helen Graham Holmes, Minneapolis, attended the Seminary in '65; Mrs. Sarah Prescott Stewart, Minneapolis, at the Seminary in the '60's; Mrs. Ella Straight Gregory, St. Paul, class of '77; Miss Elizabeth Irvine, Duluth, class of '78; Mrs. Nellie Graham George, St. Paul, class of '79; Mrs. Ida Worden Cherry, Minneapolis, student in '70's; Mrs. Elva Calkins Briggs, St. Paul, class of '81; Miss Helen Hewitt, Minneapolis, '01; Mrs. Gertrude Everington Moore, Minneapolis, '00. She also reports that regrets were received from the following old students: Miss Clara V. Shaw, Minneapolis, student in '70's; Mr. H. B. McCracken, Minneapolis, a Seminary student before the war; Miss Edna Heald, Minneapolis, class of '97; Mr. J. A. Colehour, Battle Lake, Minn., who attended the Seminary before the war, and from his sister, Mrs. Sue Colehour Jacobson, Detroit, Minn., and Miss Huldah Randall, Hopkinton, Ia. Mrs. Fannie Bartholomew Bailey, one of the first students of the Seminary, was made president of the Association. An invitation sent to Mrs. Florence Taylor Reid, a Seminary girl in '77 and '78, Hudson, Wis., was returned marked "deceased." Mrs. Briggs also ascertained in her search for old pupils in the Twin Cities that Mrs. Lillie Hall Bean, the only mem-

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ber of the class of '83, is deceased. The next meeting of this Twin Cities Association is to be held with Mrs. Ida Worden Cherry, Minneapolis, in February.

The Dean's Letter

TO THE OLD STUDENTS OF THE MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY AND FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY AND FRIENDS: Please notice particularly that the next issue of the *Quarterly*, out in April, is the *Annual Catalogue*. A very large edition will be published; some new pictures will be added, and much additional information will be furnished and we are very solicitous that this *Annual Catalogue* shall go into the hands of an unusually large number of girls and young women who may go away to school. You cannot do a better thing for your school than to send the names and addresses, with some information added, of prospective pupils. We are getting help of this sort all the time, but we do not get enough of it. Will you not take this as a personal request and heed it early?

You will be pleased to know that there has been actual registration for every college course offered this year. Not all of these courses have been given because the registration seemed too small in two or three instances. It is a fact, however, that our expectations have been more than realized in the demand for this new work.

It is expected that the coming year we shall offer college courses in sociology, second college English, geology, and college mathematics. Of these only the geology is given this year. Final announcements will be made in the catalogue published in April. Other college courses, likewise, are in contemplation.

The Academy is in difficulty with regard to its name. The trustees are considering informally whether a change should be made in the interest of publicity. The points are chiefly two: first, "Academy" does not suggest a girls' school, and that term is not used by other schools for girls which advertise freely in the great magazines, as we do always in June, July, and August, and in *Harper's Magazine* throughout the year. The other consideration is that the word "Academy" is narrower in scope than our work. "Academy" does not suggest music, art, domestic science, elocution, or the junior-college work. All five of these are integral and important sections of our work. We ought to have a name, at least for advertising purposes, which would immediately appeal to a girl. If you

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see later on in the newspapers or magazines or on our letter heads a name something like this, "The Frances Shimer School for Girls of the University of Chicago" you will understand what the change means.

The registration to date is 122, the largest we have ever had at this season of the year, indicating 130-40 for the year.

I wish that all our friends would get into the habit of feeling that the Academy is always in need of gifts and that the older it gets and the more it grows, the more clamorous and numerous these needs will become. No first-rate school can ever expect to live without persistent giving on the part of its friends. We would not have you think for a moment that we anticipate a time when we shall not be in great need of equipment of many different descriptions. As an indication that some of our friends realize that fact, I mention some gifts which have recently been made and which are much appreciated by the Academy authorities. Miss Dora G. Knight, instructor in piano, contributed a complete set of *The United Editors' Encyclopedia* for the library recently. Mrs. Isabel D. Hazzen has sent us one hundred and twenty books chosen carefully from Professor Hazzen's library. Mrs. Hattie N. LePelley, of Freeport, has just placed in Hathaway Hall a brass candelabrum and two candlesticks, and a picture of her sister, Mrs. Hathaway Corbett, for whom the building is named. She has also placed in College Hall three candlesticks of unusual weight and size. Misses Hobson and Knight have placed in the Auditorium a photograph, large, of Burne-Jones's "Seven Days of Creation."

We would like to have a heading in the *Quarterly*, "Gifts Received," which would stand from issue to issue as a regular thing under which to group gifts of one kind or another. Who will be the next?

Please read over again the first item in this letter, if you have been so patient to read this far, and respond to it promptly and oblige.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM P. MCKEE, *Dean*

